

1865

NO 1

WINTER WORK.

The *Care of stock* is the most important duty of the farmer in winter. Much depends on the attention animals receive at this season. Young stock are usually either injured or spoiled by the treatment they get in winter. Warm shelter, wholesome food in full and varied supply, regular watering, reasonable branding and cleanliness, are the chief requisites in the care of stock.

Our friends will be surprised to see us in our new form. We doubt if any of them will recognize us. They will soon however become familiar with our new appearance, and greet us gladly upon our more frequent visits.

We have long thought of starting a weekly journal in the present form. It would have been started two or three years ago, but for the unfortunate civil war now raging in our midst. Hoping that the strife will be long be over, we have made the commencement of our cherished enterprise and launch our new bark upon the sea of public opinion, trusting that it will be freighted with a large list of voyagers, and that its career will be prosperous.

We feel that the time is now ripe for a more propitious at present to make our visits weekly—but as soon as they are we shall do so. We shall, however, greet our readers on the first and fifteenth of each month. Our former visits were at too great intervals. We have always felt the need of a more frequent communication with our patrons. Such is the daily and hourly advancement in all the arts and sciences, that to keep up with any of them we must be constantly on the alert. Farmers, in particular, need such a variety of information, relating to the various crops to be raised—the best methods of putting them in and cultivating them—the best breeds of the various kinds of farm stock, and the most economical methods of keeping them; the preventives and remedies for diseases to which they are subject—the most profitable varieties of orchard fruits to plant, and the proper method of planting them; the care and after culture of them—the garden fruits and vegetables to be raised—the best breeds of poultry, and the treatment they should receive—the care of the apiary—the treatment and adorning of the grounds which surround that cherished spot called home; the shrubs, evergreens and roses to be planted, and the flower beds to be made—these, and a hundred other things, require a journal devoted especially to these objects, which shall be frequent in its visits—which shall keep the farmer's mind active, and suggest improvements in the various departments of farm life.

But the *World* and *Valley Farmer* will not only treat of these things—it will also furnish choice reading for the farmer's family. This was a feature we were not able to supply in the monthly *Valley Farmer* to the extent we desired. Now, however, it is different. It is but little use to talk to the farmer, if we can not reach his family. If the minds and hearts of the wife, daughters and sons are not interested, not much progress will be made by the farmer himself. They will undoubtedly lead him along to higher attainments and greater improvements. The sons will grow up efficient, intelligent farmers, and the daughters to enlightened, industrious and useful women. They all need encouragement in the right path, and such it will be our aim to give them.

The Manufacturing of Manure.—One of the most important operations of the *farm*. *Hay* much may be done to increase the compost heaps, and preserve the materials by which *land* is enriched. *Foreman* among these means is the care of the *stable* droppings. Not only should the solid, but the liquid, droppings be kept from waste—either by draining into tanks or simple provision of dry absorbents—every drop should be saved for future use. Spare time in winter may be turned to the very best account in hauling up swamp mud, opening bark sawdust, crushed *ashes*—in short, anything that will absorb liquid, and mix with the droppings with stable dung, so as to form a valuable compost; a well-made manure heap in a storehouse of wealth.

Ice-Block Material.—As snowmaking and melting are among the first things that demand attention when spring arrives, so a standing job for the winter is getting out a good supply of posts, stakes and rails. When fence timber must be procured from the black-bash or cedar swamp, it is indispensably necessary that the season of winter be improved for the purpose. Then the swamps are frozen over and are readily accessible both to man and beast. Not only should the fence timber be got out and drawn to the place where it will be needed—but, so far as possible, it should be prepared for actual use so that no more time than is actually necessary may be consumed in this kind of work when spring opens.

Firewood.—Winter is the time to provide the year's supply of fuel. Many farmers manage so badly as to be compelled to take time in the winter season of the year to furnish wood. It is baking or warming day—there is nothing to feed the cooking stove's hungry maw, and though more important duties are pressing, a load of wood must be cut. The best way to obviate this is to improve the comparative leisure afforded by winter, by putting in a simple store of fuel before war. In this way, too, the use of green wood, a wasteful expense, and what is worse, a most provoking annoyance—may be avoided.

is not very expensive, and made by the farmer himself, and soon gave back their cost. This was the worst winter in

Account-keeping—It is not a good time for overlooking the farm accounts. Every farmer should adopt some easy, simple, accurate plan of book-keeping, and record his receipts and expenditures faithfully. The review of these from time to time will suggest many reasons of success and be a source of actual profit. Well-kept farm accounts are useful in settling facts, paying dues, preventing law suits, etc. There is no mystery about book-keeping, and any educated man can, soon make him- self sufficiently familiar with it for all practical purposes.

Planning.—Plans for the coming season should be well thought out and thoroughly laid in advance. The capabilities of the farm should be studied, mistakes and successes noted for future guidance, a wise rotation of crops arranged, and everything reduced to writing as far as possible. The record book pocket in the new *MANAGER* will be a great help.

time for mental improvement. The long evenings waste to reading, reflection, attendance on lectures, holding farmers' clubs, &c. There is no reason why the farmer should not be thoroughly intelligent and well-informed. Even a busy season furnishes many opportunities for observation and reflection, whilst winter gives the fullest chance for self-improvement. *This time is gone by for prejudice against book-reading and agricultural improvement. Our State and our county fairs have demonstrated what sections can do for the advancement of everything connected with agriculture. But there are other subjects besides those connected with the framed-in business, on which the farmer should read and think. This is a twentieth-century, and a farmer with a good deal who manages to keep up with history—a rapid flux onward indeed. All departments of science, the ample store of general literature and poetry, the sublime themes of religion await forth a farmer's book—surely the best bank of assets for an educated farmer—planned for or share of that farmer who, center of a liberally educated*

COMSTOCK'S ROTARY SPADER

We have received inquiries from some of our readers in regard to this new agricultural implement and can now refer them for information to Mr. J. F. Bicknell, who has purchased the right to manufacture and sell it in a certain portion of the United States. He is at present acting as a broker to the Pittsburg Iron Pipe Works, and will forward them circulars with full explanation. Our readers will find the price very low in this case. The following appears in one of the agricultural papers:

The spades are a pair of wheels with a series of steel forks, pivoted at equal distances around their circumference, and which are so governed by stationary cams on the axle outside the wheels, as to produce the same entrance into the soil and lift as the spade fork in the hand of a man—having the appearance of a cart wagon, drawn by horses, mules or oxen. The forks being attached to the hind wheels, and throwing up the dirt behind as it advances, somewhat as water is lifted and thrown by the paddle-wheel of a steamboat, and is thrown in and out of gear at the option of the driver. The entire machine is as simple as a common seed drill, and fully as easily understood and managed.

Hiring of Negroes—Action of the Maryland Planters.

that it is necessary to place in the hands of the subject of employing their late slaves as domestics, and passed the following resolutions:

That it is seriously recommended to the proprietors and owners of houses and farms not to rent or lease any house or land to any person of the color of their skin, or of selling, who will do so to the satisfaction of a deacon of the church, and is recommended to the control and supervision of the deacons of the church, to see that no such person be sold from under the sanction of the title, "Slave," and disposition of the

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That we will not by over-bidding, or by any other means, endeavor to induce any one to quit the service of the present employer.

For the purpose of securing a single report to the laborer, and adopting a schedule which will be just and proper for both employer and employee, and the following scale of prices is hereby adopted:

1. For first-class negro men, the wage is to be paid not to exceed \$12 per year, with house-room, fire-wood and food.
2. For first-class negro women, without children, the wage is to be paid not to exceed \$8 per year, with house-room, fire-wood and food.
3. For boys under sixteen years, the wage is to be fixed at \$60 per year, with house-room, fire-wood and food—the amount, however, to be graduated down according to age and capacity.
4. However, in cases above mentioned, it became proper to limit by the month, the above scale of prices to be introduced as a guide for the amount of wages to be paid.
5. A free black woman, single, two children in charge of work, is considered to furnish her clothes and board; if more than two, this should be supported by their father or maternal uncle; however, so long as she is left to the agreement of the parties.
6. In all cases of child support time is to be decided.
7. That it is recommended that a society of our country to those who are in debt, considering any who come still are responsible and incapable of labor according to the law, which means to provide for the maintenance of such is made by law for them.
8. The same be resolved upon by the children and young persons, from whom they may have been taken, and thus be charged of them.
9. Be not too many to be given away more than money to

STOCK DEPARTMENT

[Written for the Rural World and Valley Farmer.]

WHAT SHEEP SHALL I GET?

It seems to be an endless matter of discussion whether fine-wooled or coarse-wooled sheep are most profitable. Yet in all these discussions, not a single one disputes that the fine-wooled are best for wool, and the coarse for mutton—simply on the principle that the coarse-wooled have the largest carcasses. Perhaps, we should stop here, and say no more, as this is sufficient. But there is a point of advantage we wish to state. On the long run, taking all things into consideration, it is found generally more profitable to keep large sheep—the fine-wooled. We have now reference not to large flocks, but to few sheep, such as farmers are generally expected to keep—say, from a dozen to two and three dozen. These sheep can be well taken care of—may be reckoned with the general herd of the farm, and need not be so exclusively kept separate as to the case with trailer sheep. In a word, they are more hardy, and can be made the more so by good feed and treatment. The mutton and lamb are, of course, of great importance, and greatly surpass the small sheep. There is less risk of loss, especially with the mutton. As the wool is not so greatly inferior to that of the fine-wooled sheep, as is the mutton of the latter to the former. The wool from these large well-kept sheep, will weigh more pounds—say, four to five from a sheep—while the other will reach two-thirds that amount, the same time but ten to fifteen cents more. This is the general case, sometimes

ment, too. We like the large sheep—like their form, their size, their neatness, and vigor. We like the large amount of white, nice wool they shear, and the amount of mutton they furnish. The man who knows how to take advantage of the high price of wools, proportionably of fine wool over coarse, and of changing his sheep accordingly—on a change from the carcass profit to the fleece profit—he will be an exception to our remarks. Rather, wise not. Still, if everybody followed our advice, and all got coarse-wooled sheep, the thing would not do. It will do, however, as things now are—that is, the farmers who keep coarse-wooled sheep, where but few are raised, will do better than to secure small sheep. And this is the practice, the rule, so far as we know. It is probably so because it is the best rule. Secure the best long-wooled sheep; and if you can, and you will not regret your choice. There are exceptional cases. There is the farmer who knows, which he will, that he is an ordinarily intelligent. Where there is a lack of market for mutton, to the extent of the flock, will the adoption of the coarse-wooled sheep lessen the profits. Where the advantages of feed and keeping are with the small sheep, allowance must also be made. Great improvement can be expected from the adoption of the long-wooled sheep in any case.

A Large Offer for a Horse

Wilkes' Spirit of the Times says: "A large offer for a horse. Mr. Rydyk, of Orange County, has offered Mr. Rydyk, of Orange County, a horse worth thousands of dollars for the celebrated stallion Hambletonian. This is the highest price ever offered for a horse in this country. The horse is a son of George Wilkes (winner of the Kentucky Derby) and a great many other horses. It is a magnificent horse, and is well known for producing good horses, and is certainly doing more for the breed than any other horse we have any knowledge of. Mr. Rydyk's offer is a dark cloud on the horizon of the horse world."

The Editor of this Journal has been informed that a stallion named Young Hambletonian, owned by Mr. Rydyk's Hambletonian, is a dark-colored horse, and is a son of George Wilkes (winner of the Kentucky Derby) and a great many other horses. It is a magnificent horse, and is well known for producing good horses, and is certainly doing more for the breed than any other horse we have any knowledge of. Mr. Rydyk's offer is a dark cloud on the horizon of the horse world."

He has taken two premiums at the Fair of the St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Association, in the class of Roadster Stallions, in a ring of at least twenty of the finest stallions in the United States.

Young Hambletonian will stand at St. Louis or Belleville the coming season.



POINTS OF THE HORSE.

As many of our readers are already making their choice of a horse, but are unable to understand some very common terms along the hostler and jockey, we have here introduced a small dictionary for their convenient reference.

1. The forehead. Few things more clearly indicate the blood of a horse than the forehead. In the blood horse the forehead is broad and angular, gradually tapering from this point to the muzzle; while in the cart-horse the face is large, and the forehead narrow in comparison with that of the blood horse.

2. The eye-pit. The depth of the eye-pit is an excellent test of the age of the horse. As the posterior part of the eye is a considerable quantity of only substance is deposited, which enables it to revolve in its orbit with facility and freedom; in old age, and in diseases attended with general loss of condition, much of this fatty substance disappears, the eye becomes sunken, and the pit above the eye deepens. To estimate this appearance, some of the lower class of horse dealers fracture the skin, and by means of a nail or bone pipe, draw into the orbit, and then fill up the depression. This operation is called "pulling the eye," and can be easily detected by the appearance of the eye.

3. The poll. The poll is the part of the head between the ears and the withers. The darker the color of the poll, the more the horse is esteemed. The poll should be thin and firm; in old and decrepit horses they are usually loose and pendulous.

4. The withers. The speed and action of the horse is intimately connected with the length and height of the withers, and such a development is absolutely necessary in the hunter, the hackney and the farmer's horse; but in the heavy cart-horse this rule may be reversed, as the more bulky and weighty he is before the more advantageously will his powers be applied.

5. The croup. The croup, which extends from the loins to the setting on of the tail, should be long, and but slightly rounded.

6. The hock.

7. The shank.

8. The flank. The space contained between the ribs and the hock is called the flank. When too extensive, it is an indication of weakness. The flank is usually referred to in judging the state of respiration; and in chronic diseases of the lungs, it is found to be rapidly greater than under ordinary circumstances.

9. The girth or bridle.

10. The shoulder. A muscular and shooting shoulder is indispensable where action and speed are required; but an upright shoulder may be preferable for horses exclusively destined for the collar.

11. The elbow. Good judges prefer a deep elbow, as it is always connected with increased power of action.

12. The knee. It is universally agreed that the knee should be long, large and muscular; if they are flat, the sides and narrow between the shoulders, they are radically defective. And the horse should of course be rejected.

13. The knee. The knee should be broad, as offering more space for the attachment of muscles, breadth in this part being an indication of power.

14. The cannon bone or shank. The cannon bone, when viewed laterally, and the hock, when viewed from the side, should be straight, and without any bend or curve, and without any swelling or enlargement of the bone.

15. The hock. The hock should be straight, and without any bend or curve, and without any swelling or enlargement of the bone. The hock should be straight, and without any bend or curve, and without any swelling or enlargement of the bone.

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19. 30. The fetlock joint. It is usual to apply the term fetlock to the joint itself; and the space between the fetlock and the foot, the pastern; but, properly speaking, the fetlock, or fetlock, is only the posterior part of the joint, from whence grows a lock or portion of hair.

20. 31. The pastern. The pasterns should neither be too long nor too short; if too short, they are non-elastic, and such horses are uneasy, and unable to ride; on the contrary, if they are too long, they are frequently too elastic, and although from their elasticity, the motion of the horse may be pleasant to the rider, yet an increased length of limb is an indication of weakness.

21. 32. The coffin joint.

22. 33. The hoof.

23. The hock. The hock is the most important and complicated joint of the whole animal; like the knee, it should be hard and extended. An enlarged hock constitutes unsoundness.

24. The haunch.

25. The neck. A moderate and elegant curve of the neck adds greatly to the beauty of the horse. The neck is sometimes required and hollow; a horse with such a conformation is called ewe-necked.

26. The back. The comparative advantage of a long or short back depends entirely on the use for which the horse is intended. For general purposes (says Youatt) a horse with a short back is very properly preferred. He will possess health and strength, for horses of this kind are proverbially strong. He will have sufficient ease not to fatigue the rider, and speed for every ordinary purpose. Length of back will always be desirable when there is more than usual substance, and particularly when the loins are wide, and the muscles of the loins large and swelling. The requisites—strength and speed, would then probably be united. The back should be depressed a little immediately behind the withers, and then continue in a slight, straight line to the tail. Some horses have a considerable hollow behind the withers; these are called saddle-backed; a few have the curve outward, and are called roached-backed. This is a very serious defect, altogether incompatible with beauty, and materially diminishing the usefulness of the animal.

27. The loins can scarcely be too broad and muscular; the strength of the back and hinder extremities hinge upon this point. At the union of the back with the loins, a slight depression is sometimes observable; this must always be regarded as an indication of weakness.

28. The hind quarter.

29. The inside of the thigh or stiffl.

30. The point of the shoulder.—[Circumscissus]



ABOUT BEES.

The crop of honey is like a crop of grain—it varies with the season, and it varies in different localities in the same season. We must therefore, be governed by circumstances of location, treatment, &c. The honey crop of 1864 has been highly successful in many places; it has been so successful on account of the high price of honey—this is encouraging. While the honey crop is so good, as well as every other crop, will be a success.

The disposition about the different hives is not yet settled. I don't know that it ever will be. Success seems to be secured, more or less, by them all. Each has its special advantages. These advantages appear, not yet to have been combined in one hive. We hope to see the time when this will be accomplished. As it is—there is a great deal of freedom from disease, and a great deal of location—are the main points in the successful raising of bees, and the propagation of bees. There are also other points, and we must be governed by circumstances. The successful inventors are highly favored by nature.

Bees will not thrive in the cold; they will

do well in the cellar, in the garret—that is good swarms will. A poor swarm will do well nowhere. The grand point is, secure good swarms. Get rid of small colonies. Too much food is not good. There must be room for the bees, and that in the cells. If these are all filled with honey, the cold will be severe with the bees. Examination is the only thing that will decide how the matter is. But so many people do not examine—they do not take the trouble, or they are afraid, or the weight of the hive is sufficient evidence that there is honey enough to winter them through.

If there is a lack of honey in the fall or winter, kill your swarm and secure the honey—that you will have; else, with the bees and the honey left together, the bees will get the benefit of the honey instead of you, and then die after that. It should be clear to every one that care must be taken with bees, as well as with stock, oil, &c. Keeping bees is a trade, and a man must use common sense, and exert himself—he must see to the thing. This—and not your new patent hive—will give you success with bees.



HENS AS LAYERS.

It begins to be understood that hens, as well as cattle, require good treatment in order to do well. This good treatment is not confined to the brute, but to the human family as well. Good treatment is, in truth, the Christian principle, and never works harm.

But the hen is especially of a domestic nature. It willing its tra-la-la, and make as much ado when its rights are invaded, as a member of the family. Such a hen will lay, because it is at home. But some hens will lay better than others, independent of good usage. This is in the breed—the Spanish, for instance, is a great layer, but will not lay as many eggs as some others. But its eggs are larger. Hence, there is no loss compared with other fowls. The Spanish is also a good layer the year round—but not so good in winter as some others—this should be borne in mind. The little Hamburgs are noted for winter laying—in fact, for laying at any rate if well fed. They are allied to the wild game, and have a propensity to lay and not breed. It is laying with them alone. And they are then hens, where eggs, and not poultry is required.

For general use among the people, irrespective of care taken, the Silver Spangles or Hamburgs, are the fowls that are wanted. Cochins are also good; but there is no mistake about the Hamburgs—this is where people let their fowls run at large, but give them sufficient food and a chance to lay.

But, where thorough work is made the year round—where care is taken—the Spanish takes precedence of all others. It is a bird that is domestic in its habits, and will lay the better for the good treatment it gets, aside from the food it is furnished. It is contented with a snug place, and loves warm, quiet quarters. Then it will thrive and lay. But it will also brood. It will, as may be supposed from its domestic habits, its love of home—hatch. And this, where it is wanted, is of course, a favor. But this can be broken up, and eggs continued, and the eggs are larger, as we have said, than those of the anti-hatchers.

For general use, then, and where little care is required, get the Spangles—but especially for winter laying; a point of the utmost importance. For this purpose, the Orientals are also excellent. But be sure and get the pure breed, of all these kinds, as they are wanted. When you have your breed secured, then give good treatment, and you will be sure to get a return for your labor.

The Spanish, then, for eggs the year round, and for poultry, the Hamburgs and Cochins for winter eggs, where little care is given. Always remember, that good treatment with these breeds, will repay in eggs and poultry. Poor breeds will pay nothing and are to be avoided. But where five to six eggs are laid the whole year round—that will pay—and the Silver Spangles will do that.



HORTICULTURAL.

[Written for the Rural World and Valley Farmer.]

PLANTING—A DUTY.

We consider that part of agriculture relating to the planting of trees, both fruit and ornamental—to be one of the greatest obligations of man—not only to himself, family and neighbors—but to future generations.

In a general view, we lose sight of this responsibility—or, if we perceive it at all, we throw it aside or put it off indefinitely. Although we are manfully striving to better our condition in a horticultural point of view, in many instances we are far behind and lacking in the spirit of rural improvement.

To Western men particularly we commend this subject. The forest has been made to give place to the fields of the settler—and the primitive cabin to country mansions, susceptible of high adornment. What enhances the beauty of any building more than groups of trees?—and what more ennobling to us in our earthly stay, than to beautify and fructify the soil?—nay, it is necessary! It was one of the first commands the human race received—and ever since, its importance has been on the increase.

Are we not enjoying the fruits of the labors of our forefathers?—do we not pluck the golden fruit from trees our fathers planted?—inhale the sweet perfumes and admire the rich hues of flowers that were planted, tended and nourished by the tender hands and loved forms of our mothers? The grateful shade of oaks, elms and hests of other trees, beneath whose canopy at summer's eve we love to recline and bask in day dreams—remind us that hands now still beneath the grassy knoll once reared their umbrageous forms.

Not forgetting the past—let us not fail to do our part. Not only the unborn, but the present generation demand us to perform our share in so noble a work. Every tree we plant exerts an influence on all around, the benefit whereof may be immense.

Plant, then, if but the lowly flower of the garden—it will amply reward—yes, tenfold its treasures into your bosom. Our exertions though small, will, in a thousand instances, extend their influence to the grounds of our neighbors—the example of one man has often been the improvement of a community.

Nothing can be more pleasing to a refined and elevated mind, than to be able to gratify his friends with the sight of beautiful trees and flowers—to say nothing of fine fruits. As we have before said, this is an imperative command to us—to enrich the earth with all manner of fruits—to chasten and adorn by flowers and trees our homes, thus aiding to make it that happy place where the minds of our children may feel the first impression of the beauties of Nature, and their souls led to adore the goodness, wisdom and love of our Heavenly Parent.

The subject of horticulture is ever interesting—and the advancing love for planting is fast tending to make our population settled—and, hence, we may hope that society will improve also.

Let it become, then, our happy purpose and endeavor, to plant of every useful thing we find in the vegetable kingdom—thereby infusing a love and taste for fruits, flowers, trees and all their beautiful characteristics in the community—and, thus doing, we may view our growing fruit-laden trees and blooming plants with pleasure—knowing, at least, that we aimed to do our duty.

RURALITY.

Your winter apples, that you wish to use the early part of the season should be kept in a warmer place than those intended for spring. But don't keep them where it is too dry, as they will shrink instead of getting mellow, and at the same time keeping solid.

GRAPES—NOTES ON VARIETIES.

Concord—This grape originated in Massachusetts, perhaps twenty years ago, and at that time was regarded a valuable acquisition. The plants were first sold by Hovey & Co., of Boston, at \$3 each. Since then, it seems to have gained in popular favor, and is now disseminated the grape for the nation. It is more widely disseminated than any other American grape, and is loved to improve so much in quality as you advance northward, as hardly to be recognized as the Concord of twenty years ago. The vines can be propagated from cuttings by the most inexperienced with the greatest facility. It will strike root and grow with the certainty, strength and vigor of the best growing willow; hence, it is one of the kinds that afford no profit to those who propagate for sale the higher priced varieties. Notwithstanding its wide popularity, it has received the unqualified condemnation of Dr. Grant, who claims to be authority on the grape question—yet he has not succeeded in convincing the public of its worthlessness. The vine in the hands of good cultivators has some objectionable features. It is a strong, long-jointed, rambling grower, and not easily restrained within proper limits—at this strong habit constitutes its most valuable feature in the hands of the miller, because it will grow and prosper with the inexperienced cultivator, even under a degree of neglect that would be fatal to most other kinds. It is abundantly productive, the clusters are rather loose and ill-formed, the berries cling with sufficient firmness to the stem. It ripens when the leaflets often fall from an attack of mildew. The fruit is sweet, with some of the peculiar quality called richness, though in a modified and refined form. This peculiar flavor, which is objected to by some, is, with its extreme sweetness, when fully ripe, admired by many. A distinguished merchant of New York, with a large family of refined tastes, residing on the Hudson river, who cultivates all the improved varieties of grapes, gave their decided preference to the Concord, and all other kinds are passed while the Concord lasts, and this is so with many others.

I will add a few extracts from the remarks made at the late meeting of the U. S. Pomological Society.

Rev. Mr. Knox, of Pennsylvania, said: All in all, there is no grape so valuable for the table and for market as the Concord. Nine-tenths of those who visit my grounds prefer it to any Delaware. I import it from you as much as I do from Delaware. It is the best grape I have at St. Louis. I have seen good ones at St. Louis, but do not consider it the best wine grape. The Delaware makes a better wine, and is the best wine grape we have.

Mr. Saunders, of the Government Gardens at Washington, D.C., said: The Concord is excellent at Philadelphia and better at Washington—so that visitors prefer it to any other grape we have in this season.

Mr. Kelsey, of Ill., said: With the Concord is the market berry—in preferred side by side to the Delaware. As a market fruit it is ahead of all others.

These extracts will give some idea of the estimation in which the Concord is held in different sections of the country. When the people become better cultivators, and the good qualities of some other kinds become better known, the Concord will hardly stand so high in the estimation of the masses; yet the sweeping condemnation of it by parties interested in propagating other high priced sorts, is unworthy the attention of the public.

Hartford Prodigy—This is one of the earliest grapes of the season, and on that account it is considerably cultivated. It is remarkably productive. With many it is very liable to fall from the stem as soon as it is ripe, and on that account it is not suited for a market fruit—yet, from its extreme earliness and great productiveness, it is considerably cultivated for that purpose. The habit of falling from the stem may be remedied in a great measure by good cultivation, and thinning the fruit a little beyond the capacity of the vine to readily ripen. Neglect and overbearing is in part the cause of this fault. It has many of the characteristics of the wild grape that render it objectionable. With many others it will soon give place to better kinds.

Anna—Is a white grape, that has been highly recommended. It is a seedling of Catawba, and in growth possesses many of the characteristics of that variety. The fruit is sweet when ripe, and of pleasant flavor, though not equal to the Catawba. It often fails to ripen, and is worthy of cultivation in any locality it must be further South.

Rogers Hybrid—This is rather a remarkable collection of varieties, claimed to be hybrids, though but few of the quality exhibit any evidence of foreign character. They are remarkable only in this particular—that among so large a number of seedlings, so many should prove passably good—or, rather, no more of them should not have been worse. Some of the numbers—the 30 and 31—are only known by numbers—produce large, showy fruit, but none of them possess any very extraordinary merit. No. 19 is a large, black grape, and is the best of the collection. No. 15 is the next most valuable kind—No. 20 is a small, black grape, which, however, ripens about mid season. If these numbers are all really hybrids, they afford encouragement for further trial in the way of crossing, using other and better varieties on the native side.

Delaware—Is the best one group of Southern varieties. It is cultivated in some sections, even as a good table grape—being rich, sweet and spirited—but I think for this purpose it is outbranked by better sorts. In favorable localities, further South, it may be a good wine grape. Of the same class is the Lenoir, St. Louis, Lenoir, Norton's Virginia, Palestine, Long and others, which are still retained in some catalogues and are recommended to cultivators, yet they are hardly worthy of attention except where they may be turned to account for wine in more southern latitudes.—H. P. B.

—Ed. Cent.

Many of the settlers upon new land in our country seem to be influenced by a kind of morbid humor, to kill, cut down and destroy every living tree and shrub that nature has planted anywhere within range of their homestead or holdings. Many of these operations of the native forest, which have yielded to this wide spread vandalism, could be regarded as no more than a waste of the timber proprietors, into whose hands these settlements often soon fall, could they have been spared. True, with all the aid of art, can never restore such a growth, with all its native majesty and beauty. To repair in some degree this loss, by the removal and transplanting of large trees, various devices have been proposed, the following plan is entitled to a trial in some of our unsettled lands.



TRANSPLANTING LARGE TREES.

The preceding figure represents the apparatus which I use for such purposes, attached to a tree about to be removed. It consists of a set of shears, about sixteen feet long, with a windlass attached to the single beam, around which the slack rope of the tackle is wound, when the machine is worked. A good pull pole or stick of timber, twelve or fourteen feet long, is fastened to the tree with a large nail and chain, by boring a hole through the tree for the bolt as near the ground as can be; this hole must be filled again with grouting wax, or pitch, after the tree is transplanted. This end of the pole is supported by a strong bench, three feet high, standing on skids so placed as to rest on the ground. With the tackle hooked to the other end of the pole, the tree is lifted high enough to allow a sleigh, or some board to be backed under to receive the tree with the ball of earth.

When trees are to be removed, an operation is to dig a trench about them, about eight or ten inches deep, or deeper according to the size of the tree and extent of the roots. This should be done when the ground is not frozen, and if done one year before the tree is removed, the tree will be much better prepared for its removal, by sending out numerous sproutlets, which hold a great amount of earth in the ball, and is lifted with the tree. In the winter the snow and ice should be cleared away from such trees so that the ball of earth may freeze thoroughly.

The next thing of great importance is to have the ball dug before the tree is brought on to the ground. Even if they are filled with snow, that is readily removed when a tree is ready to be placed in them. Holes should always be dug sufficiently large to receive the ball of earth without resting on the sides; and care should be exercised to have the trees as deep in the soil than they naturally grow. Trees of considerable height should be stayed up with four guy wires to prevent winds from blowing them over. These guy wires should be fastened to the tree with small ropes driven into the tree, and to stakes driven into the ground. When trees are small we may dispense with the pole and bench and haul the tree directly to the sleigh, and in a sleigh, I seldom use poles and benches.

When the mass of earth is brought to a tree, and we have lifted the stand, we begin to start it, we should take a lever or pole, and wedge the ball of earth a little at a time into the trench, and with constant pressure prevent the ball of earth from breaking up, and thus losing some part of the machine.

With this machine I have since moved two miles, from home, and transplanted them to new sites, and each one of seven feet in diameter, and some more by three feet, and they are now bearing fruit, and are in the best of health, and I have no doubt but that they will continue to be so for many years.

Whenever any of my children are at school, where it is necessary to remove valuable trees in the autumn or late in the spring, I have no doubt but that they will be of a future fall or even a winter. When I lived with my father, about 17 years ago, a valuable pear tree must be removed in order to make room for the good house. It was so old and large that every one thought it absurd to attempt to transplant it, with any expectation of its living. We had eaten too many delicious pears from that tree to let it cut down, which was the order, but in laudable obstinacy we took it up in the month of June, transplanted it, and it bore pears the same year, and is a valuable bearer even now.

Dig a trench around the tree from six to ten feet in diameter—according to the size of the tree and extent of the roots—and about a foot deep. Trench men small wires to the end of the roots where they are cut off in the earth, and from thence to the body of the tree eight or nine feet above the ground. When the wires are put in place, the lower ends of the wires may be fastened to little pine driven into the ball of earth. These wires will be greatly in raising the earth with the tree, and prevent the ball falling in pieces. Now raise it carefully, and plant it in a hole in which six inches in depth of rich light soil is mixed with water, about as thin as common mortar. If the operation be skillfully performed the tree will suffer no inconvenience.

To Prevent Rabbits Barking Trees.

Ed. Rural World.—Take grease and camellia oil—boil them together and rub the tree with it. I have never had a single tree touched by the rabbits when thus treated, while my neighbors have lost hundreds by being treated otherwise, or by neglecting them entirely. In the spring you must be sure to wash off the grease with soap water. S. S. S. S.

Carroll.—We publish the above, not for the purpose of recommending the treatment, but to condemn it. We have no doubt it is an excellent preventive. The rabbit's olfactory is particularly sensitive, and it will not touch a tree that has any offensive application to its bark. A practical matter is, regularly wash off the grease.

But grease is one of the worst applications that can be made to the bark of a tree. It closes up the pores, and badly injures the health of the tree. We have known orchards to be very seriously injured by the application of grease. If the grease were thoroughly washed off in the spring, it might do no harm. Still there is no doubt that much would penetrate the bark, that would not be removed by the soap, and again, farmers are so busy in the spring that they will forget or neglect to apply the soap and remove the grease, and the poor trees will suffer.

Even the fivers of animals, or any animal matter put on grass, will answer the same purpose as grease, and do no injury to the tree. We have used these with excellent effect, and can recommend them. Col. Brambridge, of Le Sord, an experienced fruit grower, informs us that he used soap, and always found it effective. We think this the best application. The soap will benefit the tree and it would pay one to wash every tree three or four times a year with soap, so that you can wash off the grease by applying soap—prevent the rabbits from injuring the tree and promote its health and growth.

Every tree planter should make a set of earth. He should see that it is healthy—that it is properly pruned—and the ground about it is kept mellow by cultivation during its tender years—that insects and vermin of all kinds are kept from it, so that they, in the shortest space of time, grow up to usefulness. We must love our trees and do all we can to promote their prosperity, even as we wish the of our friends, and we shall receive an abundant reward therefor.—Ed. A. W.

The Md. State Horticultural Society.

The thirty Annual Meeting of this Society will be held in the Court House in the City of St. Louis on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, January 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th, 1865. A cordial invitation is extended to Delegates of all local Horticultural and Pomological Associations, and to all friends of Agriculture and Pomology, to be present and participate in our discussions. Specimens of Fruits, Plants, Vines, Seeds and other articles, are solicited for examination. Those persons unable to attend, may send members of 1865, by remitting \$1.00 to the Secretary, or to the Treasurer, who will be made to the Secretary of the Society for the year 1865.

Those who wish to be members of the Society, should apply to the Secretary, and pay the dues.



Written for the Rural World and Valley Farmer.
AUTUMN.

Here is the pictured scene again—Autumn !
And it is new. Not even a leaf, of all
The magnificent show, is *old*, the same
That knew our bygone years. Yet it is *Autumn*,
Mournful whomever it comes. Its cheek is flush
Of dissolution, therefore it *burns*, ah,
How slightly, on the verge of the year, as men
Upon the brink of time. There is a voice
That would be heard faintly from woods and fields,
And from the stillness of the sky. Oh sun
Of many summers! winter's sun! what beams
Are these thou sheddest now? Thine is the work,
To see what picture thou can'st make, and mak'st it
As the lone wild, as in the city's heart.
Almost a-brink, as forth I look, to see
The hour approaching—ah! the faintest trace
Are touched, the mark of dissolution. Sad,
Mournd this thought among the family
Of trees—turning about the human heart
To sympathy, and claiming sympathy—
By this they are ours—these trees, this sky, that sun,
That knew our childhood—knows it still, and links
Us to this desolate scene, more desolate as
The year advances, man's life with it, still
The end is reached, and winter barren all. F.C.

ORIGINAL STORY.

LITTLE NELL.

Little Nell was a small, old girl. Not that she was very old; she was 14, very thin and not tall—*petite*, some called her. She had stopped growing at 11, and has not made any improvement since to her great sorrow. I am sure. But she seems to be liked all the better for that. She is small, even black haired; her hair, long and abundant, like a woman's—and her eye-lashes are just as long and ripe. But her eyes are shrinking, full and black as it is. She is a shy creature—and as shy as she is shy. Like a shadow you see her here and there—and you sometimes think her a butterfly—sometimes a gossamer thread, when she wears a white robe; but you never think her a bee, though she is even as busy as that insect. And she loves to be out-doors, like the bee and the butterfly, with her great black eyes seeing everything, talking (in secret converse—sometimes loud) with her sisters of the game wing, and with the birds. But most—most of all—she loves the flowers. This is her delight. Her eye sparkles, and her look beams with gentleness towards these little creatures of the field.

But Nelly loves, I fear, else what. Little Nell is constantly escaping her—and this need not always be so. She has not the height of a ten-year old, and is proportionally light, but healthy and handsome—not a beauty, but handsome as a Nelly—handsome for something indefinable. "You love her—not as a fairy, fairy-like as she seems—but as you love the grass and the clover, which she also loves and gathers whole tiny handfuls—great, red clover heads—which bees hummed round—and white

In the depth of great clover fields, wading through the fragrant mass, often entangled, she sighs. Literally would she die, were her secret betrayed? She knows the object, but knows not that the object is the cause. The old, common, willed act is around her: gives color to her life—perhaps stops her growing—she would not suppose an

She is a school-teacher, and is the superior of all—
that way, in the title, but, materially, not so.
She shrinks somewhat from her
district school, has long since
learned to teach her, and she gathers
up all that comes in her way,
and is the available. Only her
immediate friends are per-
sonal. She never comes in
contact with her native
and looks. One in

"This man trespasses on her field. Now and then, in his absent-mindedness, he picks a flower or a weed; he must stoop to do it; and she stoops with wonder to see the great farm hand so low—stoop to such little things. He is a statesman, or something like that. But this she does not know, or did not at first—she only knows that he is a fine man, a fine specimen of his race.

Latterly he has been noticing this "little child," as he thinks her. And he counts her with her sparkling eyes and hair, with another flower of the field—but one having more flower-like qualities than all the flowers of the field. And he knows them all—both the human and the natural. This is but a bird, he thinks. But she has ventured a little lower this time, so that he sees, with his quick, certain eye, as he passes her, pearls—a ripeness that attracts his attention. He would almost pluck the flower, could he but approach it.

But the winter shuts it up. He sees it no more, and has forgotten it with its snows of the field. But springs will come, and with them flowers. Again the stranger comes to the road—again the flowers appear; and he is bewitched by them of their little queen, fairer than they all—fair in mind, in heart—fairly described, if he but knew. And she comes and goes; she had appeared there days before—the snow not yet, though the thought was here. This one attracted her; this lion; this shepherd; this man of his country, whom multitudes praised. He was handsome, as was she—he looks, in expression, in reflection of the most qualities. And would he fancy that the flower, the queen of his garden, the tree, would not trample on it; he would like to pluck it, so fascinating in its nature, flower-like expression. He went in almost daily—sometimes not for a week. Then a little song, or snatch, comes from the flower—a little heart song, the first time she ever sang of that he heard. He had not heard her winter song—this was a snatch from that.

The flower begins to roam. It goes, some times venturing quite near, but never, then ever, quaking like a hare-bell, or some other frail thing.

Such asceration brought a home from his eye. It was wet and tender. Her little girl! None could quicker feel its effect than she, with her nice appreciation, and quick sympathy. She died. Such a life she had never led before. The flowers never had anything like it, though they smiled with her in her happiness, happiness at what she hardly knew herself. The rest of the day she must have to think over all this—this strange life—this new life that she had found. There was something that comforted her—though she had never lacked for comfort; that comforted her—though she had never lacked for support, the frail thing...

He had seen a human look in the flower: it was sincere; it was so wholly unaffected; the shyness even was new. This was the freest, floral thing this materialist ever saw—the rarest, for he had never seen but one like it.

But the distance is too great. It satisfies not. "How, oh how does he feel?" is her secret, unexpressed thought. She wants to consult her mother, but dares not do so without knowing why. There is a slight frown gathering on her cheek. The mother takes a hint. She questions cautiously, but all in vain. Now and then she looks wise at this child and explores new fields of inquiry. Still to no purpose.

At last the timid thing ventures out. Was
ever such shyness come to be exaggerated?
She ventures into the field, but at a long dis-
tance from the path, for this she is not chained.
He sees her; he *knows* her. "Why does he
look so at me?" she involuntarily exclaims to
herself—and then is frightened and walks home-
ward. "She will not run away any," she says
anxiously. "She *will* come from him," and yet she
is doing it. "He *will* not hurt me."

The next day she crosses the path at one end of the field while he is crossing at the other. "She knows he sees her! He quickens his pace. "Is he in a hurry? He will then quickly pass the field." Her steps are also feet, but only for a short space. Here is the greatest surprise of all—that she should have the courage to stop or lessen her pace, almost in his very track for she had walked but a short distance from the opposite doorway. But she will not stop! "Why?—which her powers, of course, enabled her to do with a leap, and pass on his way." She is now sorry she did not take this chance to look at him, or—"She walked home with a more knowing what he was sorry for, and went not! She knew something, said her

The next day he was absent. The next she took her position right in the centre of his path, weaving a garland sure to get out of the way when he appeared. But he was absent that day also. The distress was far; she felt restless and forlorn—“oh how lonely!” with that least conceivable sign of a bitterance.

A thought now gladdened and agitated her throughout. "She would have her best bouquet (she was an adonis) and have it when he came." The only thought, "prayer it," she had not the courage to entertain. But she was what she thought in all her weakness and littleness. "He would perhaps ask her if *she* should have it, the dear, dear man!" For she still saw him in that first look of tenderness. But he staid away that day too, and the next—the whole week. Tears came on the evening of Saturday eve came and brought him back. "The bouquet would wither"—and, surely, it belonged to another, she only the caretaker.

Thereafter the rose which had been gathering on her cheek, faded; and the mother had cause of new alarm. The never came. And she—she followed her sisters on the field, no more to adorn the carpet. When the first frosts of winter came, there were no mother-looking eyes to welcome them at the cottage. But he was in other fields, battling for his country.

WINTER EVENINGS.

[Transcribed for the Keral World and Valley Farmer.]

MARY.

[FROM AN ALBUM.]

Once she was a *Naïve creature*,
Slight in every limb and feature,
Now I see another *Mary*,
Plump and rosy as a *linnet*,
Readier, bolder every minute,
And, perhaps, the least contrary.
So much will a maiden sometimes vary
In a year or two.

When her charms by health are brought out,
Unexpected at the dawn disclosure
To our view new-born roses
Which the midnight wrought out
All unseen and tipped with dew.
Fair—yes fair as any fairy—
Such is *Mary*,
With the airy
Notions of a fairy.

Yet a veritable maiden
Hanging here and there, a
Creature happy-laden
With all happy thoughts
Gathered from all sweet things,
Reflected from all neat things
In summer's sunny hours,
Careless of the sunshine—careless of the showers—
Sometimes, to vary,
Intuiging in
The little sin


Of a little harmless coquetry,
Though not a "gay deceiver."
Good at HEART I will believe her.
This it is (in women)
That men most prize—
Some men.

(But of this hereafter.)
They also prize fair eyes—
At least for awhile;
A mouth that says sweet things,
And sometimes sings;
Withal, that brings
A little laughter
Without guile—
Eyes not too killing,
Nor lips too willing—
For these will cloy when oft they press,
And lose the sweet caress
Which only springs
From unobtrusive tenderness.

'Tis sweet to love, perhaps
 As well to marry,
 As to tarry
 In the single state,
 Which has, alas! its own mishaps.
 I say, perhaps—
 For this I've heard relate
 Of life,
 Though still unbedded
 With a wife,
 Marriage has many a pang
 The unwedded
 Fancy may contemplate—
 We bachelors may not know—
 At least at variance
 With our experience,
 And what we dread so
 "You be-hang!"
 You say,
 And turn away;
 Well, mine's the joke,
 And yours the yoke,
 Or soon will be—
 At least 'tis said so!
 We shall see.
 And here I'll state
 (As well as I am able)
 A thing or two,
 Though not perhaps so palatable,
 Nor very new:
 To love a coxcomb, girls will rue it;
 To wed a dolt, is very foolish—
 Few will do so.
 But of all things stupid,
 And not a little funny,
 As well as sometimes grievous,—
 The most common, most mischievous,
 Is committing matrimony,
 Without consent of Cupid.

MUSIC.—Let your daughters cultivate music, by all means. Every woman who has an aptitude for singing, should bless God for the gift, and cultivate it with diligence; not that she may dazzle strangers or win applause from a crowd—but that she may bring gladness to her own fireside. The influence of music in strengthening the affections, is far from being perceived by many of its admirers; a sweet melody binds all hearts together as it were with a golden chord; it makes the pulses beat in unison and the heart thrill with sympathy. But the music of the fireside must be simple and unpretending—it does not require brilliancy of execution, but, tenderness of feeling—a merry tune for the young—a subdued strain for the aged, but none of the noisy clatter which is popular in public.

WANT OF DECISION.—Sidney Smith says:—
 "A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they had only been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, in doing anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, thinking of the cold and danger—but jump in and scramble through as well as we can."



EDITOR'S TABLE.

A SURPRISE.

The appearance of the old *Valley Farmer* under a new name and form, will surprise many of our friends. When our last number went to press we had no intention to make a change; and it was not until the matter was nearly up for the January number of the *Valley Farmer* that we thought of the change. It is true, many of our friends during the past year have urged us strongly to issue a weekly journal. We came very near starting one in July last. We knew that a monthly journal was not the thing, and that one making more frequent visits was demanded. But not till a few days ago did we determine to issue the present Journal. We believe all will be pleased with the change. It will be more sprightly, will contain a great deal more matter in the course of the year—be more frequent in its visits, and will keep up a livelier interest in the family. We feel confident of its great success. We shall do our part to make of it a good Journal, and a discerning public will not fail to recognize its merits, if any it has.

To Our Old Subscribers.

We send this copy of the *Rural World and Valley Farmer* to all of our subscribers for 1864. Some of them have not yet renewed their subscriptions for 1865, but we are pleased to say, most of them have—and we have no doubt all will. We desire you all to see a copy of our new Journal, and to show it to your friends for the purpose of making a club for it.

Our subscribers all know that we do not force our Journal on any one. As soon as the time expires for which they have paid, we cease to send them the paper. If they want it continued, they will remit the money and have it done.

Many good friends have taken umbrage, because we failed to send the *Farmer* longer than it was paid for. There are hundreds, and we presume thousands, of such who thought we were afraid to trust them—knowing that we knew them to be abundantly able. Many of these persons have failed to subscribe since on that account—but we cannot help it. Business is business. If we establish rules, we must follow them—and we cannot deviate from them. Credit is dead—it ought to have died scores of years ago—particularly credit for newspapers and similar publications. Credit has killed more newspapers than all other things combined. If our old subscribers are pleased with the appearance of the present Journal, we can say to them, we shall be pleased to see you, one and all, on our books for 1865. We will labor as we have never before labored to furnish you a Journal which shall come up to your wants. And we hope you will aid us in the enterprise by extending our list of subscribers. We will endeavor to furnish such a paper that no one will have cause to regret that he subscribed for it upon your recommendation.

A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

A few days ago we paid our friend Maj. V. V. Hall a visit. He resides about 10 miles north of St. Louis. Maj. Hall is a young farmer, but a very thorough and efficient one. We found everything in the best order. His plows were not left in the fence corners or where last used, but were properly housed. His Buckeye Mower we did not find in the meadow where we see so many, but was in a dry, cozy place under the corn crib, the wheels resting on pieces of plank. All the implements, including wagons, carts, &c., were provided with good shelter. Maj. Hall seems to think it does not pay to give high prices for good implements and let them be destroyed by the weather—and he is right. His stock, too, is furnished with comfortable shelter, and everything looks neat and tidy about the premises.

He has an excellent orchard which seems to be well cared for, which is an object of great interest to him, as fruit forms an indispensable

part of his diet. He can't enjoy a meal without it. We think the Major sensible in this particular. It is our own case. Half our diet at least is fruit. It is the cheapest and healthiest article of diet. When will our farmers plant fruit trees of all kinds, so as to have it in abundance the year round? They should not lose a day in preparing to plant orchards.

The Major and his accomplished lady will accept thanks for courtesies extended.

LETTERS FROM SUBSCRIBERS.

A few days since we had the pleasure of receiving the following complimentary epistle from an energetic and appreciative reader of our Journal. He possesses the true grit, and we know there are many such among our thousands of readers, and gently jog their memory to give us a like praiseworthy effort to get up a club among their brethren. WORK FOR US FRIENDS.

ED. RURAL WORLD: Inclosed I send you five dollars and five new subscribers. I have taken some trouble to get some of my neighbors to take the *FARMER*. I have told some of them, and do believe, that it has been worth a thousand dollars to me in the last four years, and I think I can get some more subscribers before the month closes. W. R. M. Grafton, Ill., Dec. 1, '64.

ED. RURAL WORLD: Herewith I send my subscription for another year—I would not be without it for five times the amount. It is the young farmer's very best friend and adviser. GALUM, ILL. W. W. MANSHUR.

HAINES'S LEGAL ADVISER.—This is a monthly journal published at Chicago, Ill., by E. M. Haines, Esq. It furnishes a large amount of practical legal information for lawyers, township and county officers, farmers and business men generally. Any one desiring to acquire practical legal information should subscribe for it. It is published at \$1.50 per year. To Illinois men, this journal is invaluable. Every State should have and support such a journal. Even to business men, magistrates, and other officers of Missouri, this journal would be valuable.

C. M. SAXTON.—There is hardly an Agriculturist in the land who is not familiar with the name of this gentleman. Most of the leading Agricultural books in the United States bear his name as publisher. Many of them never would have been published, but for the liberal inducements he gave to the authors. He has done a great work for the Agriculture of America. For the last few years he has been publisher of that sterling work, the "Horticulturist." His place of business, as all know, has been in the city of New York. But we are now happy to be able to state that his residence and place of business is in St. Louis. We are glad that St. Louis has made such an acquisition. He is the Western Agent for Mason and Hamlin's Cabinet Organs—instruments of great excellence, and daily and hourly becoming more celebrated. He is likewise agent for the sale of Bradbury's Celebrated Pianos, which are unrivalled by any now manufactured.

Mr. Saxton is a social and genial gentleman, easy to become acquainted with, and would take pleasure in forming the acquaintance of our Western Rural friends; and we hope they will visit his splendid music store under the 'Southern' Hotel, and see and hear his musical instruments. We can assure our friends in want of musical instruments, that, if they deal with him, they can implicitly rely upon all his statements.

The monthly proceedings of Alton and Meramec Horticultural Societies will appear in our next.

INQUIRIES & ANSWERS.

ICE HOUSES.

N. J. COLMAN, Esq.—Dear Sir: Last season, I built an ice-house by digging 8 feet; walled up with stone 10½ feet in the clear, with drain into a cistern at hand. Laid scantling on the bottom with loose plank on that. Filled with ice 8 inches thick and 1 foot square, built up like mason work, leaving a space of one foot round, which I filled with straw, covering well all over—containing 4 cords in all. The ice left me on the 10th of July.

Can any of your readers tell me wherein I failed, so that I may succeed better this winter. Clinton, Mo. W. DAVIS.

[REPLY.—We were talking a few days since to one of our subscribers who is engaged in the ice trade, and mentioned to him the difficulty of our correspondent above. He prefers the ice to be stored above ground—or in other words, not to dig below the surface. He said that, considering there was so small a quantity stored as 4 cords, it could not be expected to last much longer. An ice house should have two walls—the inner one made of plank nailed to studding, leaving a space of 6 inches between the outer and inner wall—this space to be filled with either pulverized charcoal, sawdust or

tan bark—the latter is the best—well rammed down. The ice to be then packed snugly together, and covered with sawdust well tramped down. The sides of the building kept closed—but a ventilator must be on the top of the building, to carry off all impure air. There is necessarily some waste, even in large ice houses. Straw will not answer, used as our correspondent mentions.—Ed. R. W.]

Lists of Apples and Peaches.

COL. N. J. COLMAN: I am engaged in planting out a large apple and peach orchard, and desire to obtain lists of the best market varieties of both from fruit growers in this climate.—Eastern market sorts are not reliable here, I am told, and I want lists from Western men, and know of no better source to go for them than to ask some of the readers of the *Rural World* to give their experience, and oblige.

A BEGINNER.

When to Make War on Peach Borer.

ED. RURAL WORLD: Will you give me the space in your valuable horticultural journal to inquire of some of your large apple and peach growers the best time to examine trees for the borer. There must be certain seasons of the year—for instance, before they lay their eggs—when it is most economical to hunt for and dispatch them. Peach and apple borers the past year have been terribly destructive, and no quarter must be shown them. I do hope some of your intelligent readers having experience will answer my inquiries. YOUNG ORCHARDIST.

ED. RURAL WORLD: Will sawdust answer for mulching young fruit trees just being set out. Vancill's Landing, Mo. D. W. W.

[REPLY.—It is a very good mulch.—Ed.]

COMMERCIAL.

TOBACCO—The market was more active, today, and sales comprised 27 hhds, including 1 of scraps, at \$250; 4 green and damaged lugs at \$7 80 to \$8 30; 3 factory do at \$8 90 to \$10 25; 4 planters' do at \$10 75 to \$12 25; 12 common shipping leaf at \$13 75 to 17 25, and 3 medium do at \$17 75 to 23 per 100 lbs. Bids on 5 hhds were rejected.

FLOUR—Market very dull, and the only sale reported was of 610 bbls single extra, inspected, double head-lined and delivered, at \$3 50 per bbl. No demand for superfine and double extra.

WHEAT—Demand languid, with no material change in prices. Sales reported of 76 sacks poor spring at \$1 58; 172 do common and fair fall at \$1 80; 221 do good fall at \$1 85 @ 187½; and 182 do prime do at \$1 90 per bushel.

CORN—The supply was inadequate to the demand, and prices were consequently higher. Sales included 325 sacks yellow at \$1 42½, and 58 do white at \$1 50 per bushel.

OATS—Buyers demanded concessions in price, which were made to some extent, sales included 617 sacks, mostly at the North Missouri railroad depot, at 95c; 470 do at 96c, and 670 do, mostly in store, at 97c per bushel.

BARLEY AND RYE—Barley was firm, but inactive, with sales of 154 sks fall at \$2 02, and 70 do do at \$2 06 per bushel, sacks returned. Sales of 79 sks rye at \$1 37½ per bushel, sacks returned.

PROVISIONS AND LARD—There is considerable speculative demand for future delivery; but holders are not disposed to sell, and but little is doing. Sales of 100 bbls prime mess pork at \$36 per bbl; 100,000 pounds bulk shoulders on private terms, and 15 pkgs choice country lard at 22½c per lb.

HOGS—There is a continued buoyancy in the market, with sales, yesterday, at the Broadway yards, of 36 head, averaging 160 lbs at \$10 50; 40 do, averaging 233 lbs at \$12 37½; 51 do, averaging 270 lbs at 12 60, and 400 do, averaging 250 lbs at \$12 85 per 100 lbs gross. To-day, sales comprised 1,500@2000 head, mostly at \$11 50@12 gross; some choice going a little higher.

BEEF CATTLE—Market quiet and unchanged. Sales yesterday included the following lots at the Broadway yards: 6 head, averaging 765 lbs, at 3c gross; 11 do, averaging 1,213 lbs, at 6c gross; 14 do, averaging 1,115 lbs, at 4½c; 5 do, averaging 943 lbs at 4½c; 11 do, averaging 1,072 lbs, at 5½c; 9 do, averaging 978 lbs, at 4½c, and 20 do, averaging 900 lbs, at 4½c per lb gross.

HIDES—There were sales of flint at 18c, including a lot of 20 and smaller lots. We quote green salted at 9c per lb.

POTATOES—Sale of 125 bbls good Northern mixed at \$3 per bbl.

WHITE BEANS—Sales of five sacks common at \$2 per bushel.

HAY—Sales of 39 bales upland prairie at \$22 50 per ton, and 100 do timothy on private terms.

VINEGAR—Sale of 50 bbls of low quality at 20c per gallon.

GROCERIES—The demand is rather brisk, with fair sales of Rio coffee, at 46@47c; new Louisiana sugar at 24@25; old do at 25@26c; Cuba at 22@23c per lb.

COMSTOCK'S ROTARY SPADER.

Having purchased the exclusive right to manufacture and vend this

GREAT AGRICULTURAL WANT

(throughout the United States, excepting the New England and some of the Atlantic and Pacific States,) which has been so thoroughly and satisfactorily tested, I am now prepared to receive orders for them.

A boy, 15 years old, with four good horses, can spade 6 to 8 acres per day, eight inches deep, leaving the field in the condition of a garden bed when forked.

Depots will be established at Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and other Western and Southern cities, and I shall endeavor to meet the demand by manufacturing extensively, but orders should be sent early to avoid delay and disappointment.

For further information, price, &c. send for circular.

J. C. BIDWELL,

Pittsburgh (Pa.) Plow Works.

[Jan 2c]



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Patented May 24th, 1864.

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[Jan 3c]

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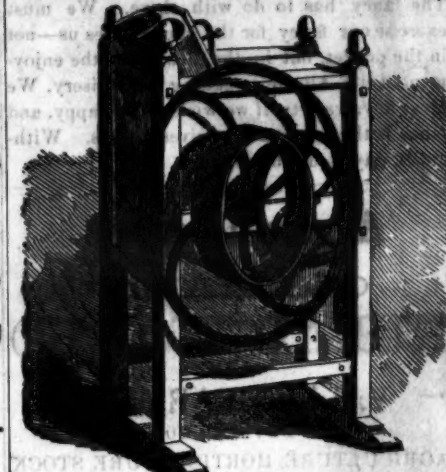
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We offer seeds which as to purity are

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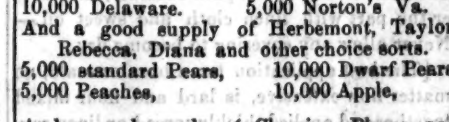
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BULBS, for fall planting, for sale at \$1.50 per box.

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Has removed to

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[1946b64] SAINT LOUIS, MO.

POETS' CORNER.

[Written for the Rural World and Valley Farmer.]

AUTUMN EVENINGS.

BY MISS EMELINE CLARK.

We gather round the hearth again,
And start its cheerful fires;
Without we hear the Autumn rain,
And wind that never tires;
But looking in each beaming face,
Brings peace within our hearts,
For home-felt happiness we trace,
Which only home imparts.

We hail the evening time again—
The blissful evening hours:
Without may rage the wind and rain,
Within will cluster flowers—
Sweet, unobtrusive flowers which bloom,
With heavenly charms untold,
Where'er the heart will make them room,
And shield them from the cold.

Oh, men and women, ye are blest,
Through all the weary day
The evening waits to give you rest,
And soothe your pain away,
And doubly blest, if round your hearth,
The happy circle meet—
Then are the fairest wreaths of earth
Laid blooming at your feet.

Health Department.

PHYSIOLOGICAL RULES.

ABLUTION, or washing the whole body, at least twice per week, is essential to your salvation from disease. This is the only divine baptism which separates extraneous and feverish substances from the corporeal surface.

APPETITE, in mid-summer, is necessarily and naturally weak. Some persons think they are sick when appetite fails. But nature, during the heated period, takes this method to give rest to the vital organs.

ACIDITY, a symptom of dyspepsia, may be relieved by the juice of lemon. The only absolute cure is, obedience to the laws of eating and drinking. The way of the transgressor is hard.

BONES may be strengthened by keeping a good digestive system. The bones of a child contain most animal matter, and the bones of the aged most of earthy matter; therefore, the young bone is weak, while the old bone is brittle. Children should stand erect, and sleep straight in bed, otherwise their bones will grow crooked and their bodies be out of symmetry.

BRONCHITIS. Increase the capacity of the chest, by taking deep inspirations, and you will overcome laryngitis and bronchitis. The muscles of the neck must be compressed. Enlarge and strengthen them.

BURNS should be immediately dressed with Urtica or weak tincture of Lobelia. The application of large quantities of cotton with sweet oil is not the best treatment. Blistered parts may be covered with a linen cloth and fresh cream. If there is no blister, apply cold water until the smarting and pain subsides, then cover the part with linen cloth and sweet oil. Never allow any covering to become dry.

[The best application for a burn or scald, no matter how extensive, is lard and flour mixed together and applied thickly spread on linen rag, it cures instantly and must be renewed often.]

BILLS may be kept out of the blood by eating plenty of fruits and grains, drinking buttermilk, and rarely using anything from the animal kingdom. Dinner is the last meal that a dyspeptic or bilious person should eat. No desserts—there should be no attempt to digest fruit and vegetables together. The folly will soon exhibit unpleasant symptoms—sour stomach, flatulency, headache, bile and depression.

CLOTHING should be changed frequently. Never sleep in your day undergarments. Persons sensitive about the lungs, should wear a kid breast piece next the skin.

DRINKS for the warm months should contain little sweet. Mild, acid beverages are healthful. Light beer, with a little red pepper in it is best and most grateful. Do not use soda water—let all the syrups remain in the bottles. Large draughts of ice-water are useless for thirst—they are often dangerous. Of any fluid drink, only when very much in need of it.

DROWNED persons may be resuscitated by filling the lungs with air by a bellows, or forcing

ing your breath into the nostrils, and pressing the chest—first downward and then upward—until natural breathing is established. It is sometimes necessary to force the air into and out of the chest one hour before the patient will recover. Then wrap the body in warm blankets and keep the patient near a fire for two or three hours.

DIARRHEA, even of the chronic kind, may be subdued by drinking weak clove tea. Chew cloves for too much looseness of the bowels. Watergreen roots and leaves will, with low blackberry roots and leaves, make the best tea for children and the young. Such tea should be sweetened.

DYSENTERY, which is known by bloody discharges, may be controlled by physical rest. Give the stomach light wheat flour puddings. Watergreen essence in a little cold water occasionally. Keep the bowels cool and quiet by bandages of water and spirits of camphor.

[Flour, parched like coffee, and made into gruel, has proved a cure in many cases—the patient to be fed on first quality soda crackers, pulverized and cooked in water and milk till it is like batter—sweeten and serve. For drink strong gum arabic water. Every article must be No. 1 in quality, for many sick people are hastened to the grave by the abominable trash they get in the shape of spurious food and medicine.]

ERYSIPELAS, which violently burns and irritates the surface of the body, can be relieved by making an ointment of fresh lard and Sumach berries. Or take the tincture of the Sumach, called Rhus, and bathe the affected parts lightly.

[Lime water, is excellent in this disease. Wet cloths and lay on the parts, and wet the parts also.]

KIDNEYS are easily strengthened by the habitual morning application of cold water with the hand, to the back and hips. The young should invariably practice such bathing. Laboring men and women would find great strength in this simple practice.

SMALL POX, would seldom, perhaps never, occur in a community where the people used neither butter, eggs, nor cow's milk. Of the three, the latter is the most productive of the small-pox in large and unclean cities.

THROAT diseases will yield to magnetic treatment. Everybody can use their hands upon the sick.—[Ex. VALLEY FARMER.]

PITHY AND HUMOROUS.

Though whiskers are very fashionable, the ladies are disposed to set their faces against them.

What is a certain cure for deafness? The letter H, because it makes ear, Hear.

Laughable—To see a shrewd boy "whistling along for the want of thought," with his own April-fool paper dangling from his jacket unbeknown to him.

What liquor is the least acceptable to a well-dressed man? That brewed in a storm.

"What are you doing there, my friend?" said the plow to the harrow. "Oh, I am dragging along." "Yes, following me." "Yes, scratching after you." "You are the Old Scratch to harrow up feelings."

"What chests of drawers!" as the man said of the horse's breasts.

A goose has many quills—but an author can man a goose of himself with only one quill.

Sambo had been whipped for stealing his master's onions. One day he brought in a skunk in his arms—says he: "Maesa, here's de chap dat steal de onions! Whew—smell him brel!"

Some people think their witty remarks like mustard, is not good except it bites—but he that will lose his friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar by the bargain.

Mean men never know they are mean—they think they are only prudent.

A Delusion—When a man or woman lives in the FASHION, spending their wealth coined out of the sweat, tears and groans of those they employ, and fondly dreaming that Charon will kindly steer them at last safely over the dark waters of Styx.

In a crowded car, the other day, in New York, where two ladies got up and went out, three fat men were able to sit down. This is a miracle.

A wag attempting to quiz the Irish depot tender, inquired, "Has the railroad got in?"—"One end has," was the prompt reply.

Proportion your charities to the necessities of others and your own ability—and where the object is doubtful, rather relieve a drone than let a bee perish.

THE BABY WALKS.

Joy fills the house—the baby stands
Alone upon her feet!
With quivering lip she lifts her little hands,
And wonderingly doth gaze into her mother's face,
Thus timidly she starts upon life's fateful race.
How many hopes—how many fears—
How many smiles—how many tears—
Hang o'er her dangerous walk thro' coming years!
Almighty God! to Thee the child is given;
Guide home her weary steps at last to Heaven!

FANCY.—What is fancy given for, if not to be exercised? There is a use for flowers, for music, in the world. They are for some use. The fancy has to do with these. We must exercise our fancy for the good it does us—not in the pocket, but in the heart—in the enjoyment of life. All money-getting is all misery. We must have variety if we wish to be happy, and fancy is the creature that gives it to us. Without it, day would be night.

Announcement.

COLMAN'S
RURAL WORLD
AND
VALLEY FARMER:

DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, STOCK
BREEDING, THE DAIRY, POULTRY,
BEE-KEEPING, DOMESTIC ECONOMY,
LITERATURE, SCIENCE,
THE MARKETS, NEWS, &c.

Norman J. Colman,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

BENJ. BRYAN, PUBLISHER.

Feeling that the wants of the farmers of the Great Mississippi Valley have not been supplied by a monthly publication, the proprietor of the Valley Farmer has determined to issue a journal in new form and style, on the 1st and 15th of every month, to be called the Rural World and Valley Farmer.

Like its predecessor it will be devoted to the advancement and development of the Agricultural interests of the Great West, and particularly of those of Missouri.

The time has come when such a journal as we intend the Rural World shall be, is needed in Missouri. View our State in any respect—and she stands unrivalled. In her agricultural capacities we need only point to the superiority of her hemp, wheat, corn, tobacco, grass and all other crops to prove the fertility and excellence of her soil—while the mild temperature of her climate is peculiarly adapted to the raising of all kinds of stock at the cheapest rates. Sheep are kept in the Southern half of the State by many without any feeding during winter, and keep in good condition. Indeed, we consider this one of the best States in the Union for raising sheep and wool, and shall devote much attention to this branch of farming. All kinds of stock thrive well and are raised at little cost.

As a fruit State, it is needless to state, she has no equal. Her splendid crops of grapes, peaches, apples, pears, &c., have afforded testimony that cannot be overcome. There are millions of acres of land in this State yet in their virgin wilderness, superior even to the best European lands for vineyard culture. The superiority of our native wine has been acknowledged in national trials. Our vast fruit lands are a source of untold wealth to our State, and to bring these into notice will be one of the objects of this Journal.

The varieties of all kinds of fruit best adapted to our soil and climate, and the proper methods of cultivating and marketing them, are subjects of great importance to the fruit growers of Missouri, and will merit a share of our attention.

The manufacture of pure native wine, and of wines from fruits, called fruit wines, are objects of profit, and we believe, in a hygienic point of view, are desirable, and we shall endeavor to furnish the most valuable information upon these subjects. We would be glad to see pure native wines supersede bad whisky entirely in this country, as it is the case in some parts of Europe, where an intoxicated man is rarely or ever seen.

The dairy is another branch of farming that is too much neglected among us. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are received by the farmers of New York yearly from the butter mer-

chants of St. Louis, which might just as well be produced in Missouri, and this money kept among us. As good butter can be produced here as there, as we have seen demonstrated again and again. All it needs is the proper care, skill and management. The best information we can gather on this subject shall be furnished. Not only in the manufacture of butter are we deficient, but also in the manufacture of cheese. It comes West by the ear-load. It is the most profitable branch of Eastern farming. Why is there so little made in the West? Why should our wealth go into the hands of Eastern farmers? Can we not remedy this?

The best breeds of stock is a subject of great importance to Western farmers. It costs no more to raise a good animal than it does a poor one, and generally not near as much, while the good animal will sell for far more, and consequently be a great deal more profitable. No observing farmer can have failed to notice that some animals consume less food than others and keep in better condition, and of course are more profitable. Some breeds of hogs will attain a certain weight at a much earlier age and upon a given amount of food than other breeds that are too common everywhere—known as mongrels. It would be money in every farmer's pocket to get rid of these, and get those which will keep easier and mature earlier. Some breeds of cattle are adapted to the production of milk and others to beef. Some breeds of sheep are noted for their mutton producing qualities and others for the production of wool, while still others are adapted in a certain degree to both. Some breeds of horses are known as draft horses, while others are known as thorough-breds or the race-horse, and others still as trotters, and others as carriage horses. There is a vast deal of information to be obtained on the breeds of stock, and every intelligent farmer should acquire it.

Indeed, there is no profession vaster in extent—laying its foundation upon a greater number of sciences, and rewarding its followers with a richer remuneration for an intimate and thorough acquaintance with it, than Agriculture. It is the duty of every one belonging to this noble profession, to study and understand it.

To the wives and daughters of our patrons, we shall strive to make the Rural World a welcome visitor. Not by furnishing tales of love, blood and murder, but by supplying them with sound and instructive reading. We shall furnish choice original and selected tales, but all having some good moral effect in view.

One of the principal features of our Journal, will be its literary department. We wish to take by the hand all young writers who are attempting to climb the difficult path of authorship; but we must remind all such that they can succeed only by great labor; that merit comes only by a thorough cultivation of the mind and heart; that they must first lay a foundation of knowledge and in extent if they expect to attain eminence as writers. "There is no excellence without great labor." There is a great amount of undeveloped talent, however, in the West, and it will be our earnest effort to draw it forth, and to this end we extend a cordial invitation to all to furnish us original articles in prose and poetry.

To farmers, their wives, sons and daughters, we extend an invitation—nay, a request to write for the Rural World. It is your Journal, devoted to your welfare, and you are interested in sustaining it and making it useful. We shall do our utmost—will you do yours? Will you speak a good word in its behalf to every friend you see? Will you be its friend, its agent, soliciting subscribers and forwarding them to us?

By so doing, you strengthen our hands—you furnish the "sinews of war" by which we will be able to improve our Journal and make the ideal we have in view. We appoint you all as agents. This is your commission—there is not one of you but who can do something.

For ten years we have labored as Editor of the Valley Farmer. It is true we did not make it as useful as we should have been glad to have done—but we now feel that our long experience as Editor, and as a practical farmer and fruit grower, has better qualified us for the new task we have taken upon ourselves—and if a heart that is thoroughly engaged in the work, coupled with earnest efforts on our part, will make such a Journal as shall meet the wants of the Western Farmer—we pledge ourselves that you shall have it.

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Missouri.

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